"That is perfectly correct," said

"Yes, by that dispatch, but that dis

patch is a forgery. It is an order to

withdraw a whole division from a vital

point. A false order, he wrote it him-

self. This is the turning point of the

"But why should he write it him-

self? If he wanted to send a false or-

der, he could send it without putting it

"Yes," admitted Arrelsford, but he

went on with great acuteness, "if any

of the operators came back they would

catch him doing it. With that order

and the secretary's signature he could

go right on. He could even order one

tary's signature to a forged telegram?"

"And pray how did he get the secre-

"He tore it off a genuine dispatch.

Why, general, look at that dispatch in

your hand yourself. The secretary's

signature is pasted on, I saw him do

"They often come that way, sir."

"He is a liar!" cried Arrelsford

Thorne stepped forward impulsive

"General," he said, "if you have any

doubt about that dispatch, send it

back to the war department and have

It was a splendid, magnificent bluff

So overwhelming in its assurance that

even Arrelsford himself was petrified

certain that Thorne was a federal se-

cret service agent and that the dis-

patch was a forgery, yet it would take

the secretary's office and convict him

"That's a good idea," said General

Randolph, He hesitated a moment and

then turned to the guard. "Sergeant,"

At that moment, the key which had

been silent began a lively clicking.

General Randolph turned toward it

and Thorne made a quick step in the

"What's that?" asked the general.

Thorne stood by the desk listening

"Adjutant General Chesney." h

"Oh, from the front, then?" said

Thorne stepped to the table and

"Yes, sir," answered Thorne.

"What is he saying?"

while the key clicked out the mes

the secretary's office and-"

y, his face flushed at the word "llar,"

down on paper, couldn't he?"

of them to send it."

asked General Randolph

said Thorne nonchalantly.

but he controlled himself.

"They never do!"

it verified."

the man mean!

same direction.

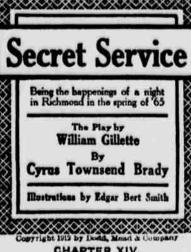
spelt out slowly.

sage.

Randolph.

whole plot."

General Randolph, looking at the pa-



CHAPTER XIV.

The Call of the Key. Thorne credit, and which was totally the table before him. unexpected, although what he had

man whom he confidently fancied he Arrelsford." had entrapped beyond possibility of escape!

sourcefulness came back to him with sake stop him before it's too late!" his returning presence of mind. He decided to try to reason with them. "Sergeant." he began, quietly enough, "my orders are--"

tinue. Having gained the advantage so many people. he was determined to keep it to the end and for that purpose he followed "What do you mean?" up his first blow, ruthlessly pressing his charge hard.

to shoot up everybody you see in this saluted. office, have you?"

This was too much for Arrelaford. and he made a desperate plunge for out is a trick of the Yankees." ward to get at Thorne, who shook his wounded wrist in the secret service ford. "He is an impostor-" agent's face. The soldiers held him tightly, however, and Thorne continued hotly:

"Get his gun away, sergeant; he'll hurt somebody."

While the soldiers-who appeared to entertain no doubt and to have no hesitancy whatever about obeying Thorne's orders, the latter evidently voice and bearing, to say nothing of his uniform, telling heavily against a civilian like Arrelaford—were taking guard. the revolver out of his hands. Thorne once more turned to the telegraph table. His blood was up and he would send the dispatch now before the whole assemblage, before the Confed and I-ah-Miss Varney, she was here. erate government or its army if neo essary.

Arrelatord burst out in a last vain attempt to stop him:

"Listen to me, sergeant," he pleaded desperately, "he is going to send out a false telgram and-"

That'll do," gruffly said the sergeant of the guard, shaking his fist in Arrels | er this man was guilty or not; whether ford's face, "what is it all about, cap he was a spy or a traitor."

"All about? I haven't the slightest yours, Mr. Arrelsford?" asked the genidea. He says he comes from some of eral suspiciously. fice or other. I was sending off some important official dispatches here and I wanted her to know. he began by letting off his gun at me. Crazy lunatic, I think."

"It's a lie!" said Arrelsford furious "Let me speak-I will-prove-" "Here!" said the sergeant of the you to send for her, sir."

ruard, "that'll do now. What shall I so with him, captain?"

"I don't care a damn what you do with him. Get him out of here, that's all I want "

"Very well, sir. Are you much hurt?" "Oh, no. He did up one hand, but I plied saluting.

can get along with the other all right," said Thorne, sitting down at the table and seizing the key. "Stop him!" cried Arrelsford, fully

divining that Thorne intended to send the message. "He's sending a-wait!" A thought came to him. "Ask Miss Varney, she saw him—ask Miss Var-But the old sergeant of the guard

paid no attention whatever to his frantic appeals. "Here, fall in there!" he said "Wo'll

ing it now!" get him out, captain. Have you got him, men? Forward then!" Struggling furiously the squad of communicated to the general.

soldiers forced Arrelsford to the door. Thorne paid absolutely no attention to them; he had forgotten their presence. Like his attention, his mind and heart were on they key again. But he was



Gun Away, He'll Hurt

Somebody." lated to meet with still another inter-

ruption. "Halt there!" cried a sharp voice from the hall, just as the group

reached the door. "Halt! Left face!" cried the sergeant in turn, recognizing that here was a superior whom it were well to

obey without question or hesitation. 'Here is General Randolph," said the voice outside, giving the name of one of the high officers of the Rich-

mond garrison. Present arms!" cried the sergeant of the guard as General Randolph appeared in the doorway.

Following him were some officers of his staff and by his side was the im: probable point of attack in "Plant"

posing figure of Miss Caroline Mitford. The humiliation and indignation had vanished from her bearing which was one of unmitigated triumph. She threw a glance at Arrelsford which bode ill for that young man. The general entered the room and stopped before the secret service agent, who stood in front of the guard, although he had been released by the men.

"What's all this about?" he asked peremptorily.

Although he knew that something important was transpiring, and that the newcomer was a man of rank, Thorne never turned his head. At whatever cost, he realized he must get the telegram off, and from the look of things it appeared that his only chance was then and there. He did not care if the president of the Confederate States of America were there in person, his mind and soul were on the order. He was frantically calling the station he wanted, the one indicated This astonishing denouement fairly by "Plan 3," and he had the doctored paralyzed Arrelsford. With a daring dispatch, to which he had pasted the and ability for which he had not given secretary's signature, spread out on

"What's all this about refusing to learned of his previous career might send out Miss Mitford's telegram?" behave given him some warning, the gan General Randolph peremptorily. tables had been turned upon him by a "Some of your work, I understand, Mr.

"General!" cried Arrelsford breathlessly. "They have arrested me. It is His amazement held him speechless a conspiracy-" He turned toward for a moment, but his natural re Thorne. "Stop that man, for God's

At this juncture, Caroline Mitford knew the futility of an attempt to turned from the room and joined old struggle with his captors, he therefore Martha in the hall, and disappeared. She had only come back with the general to punish Arrelsford, but she did not care to have her precious dispatch But Thorne would not let him con made the subject of discussion before

"Stop him!" exclaimed the general.

It was evident that the dispatch was not to go out then. Thorne had not "Damn your orders!" he interrupt succeeded in getting an answer to his ad furiously. "You haven't got orders signal. He left the key, rose and

"He means me, sir," he said, "He's got an idea some dispatch I'm sending "It is a conspiracy!" cried Arrels-

"Why, the man must have gone crazy, general," said Thorne coolly, holding his position by the table and listening with all his ears for the re-

turn signal. "I came here on a case for-" expostulated Arrelsford.

"Wait!" said General Randolph. "7 will soon get at the bottom of this. the military man of the two and his What was he doing when you came in. sergeant?" he asked of the non-commissioned officer in charge of the

answered the sergeant saluting.

her to come in at once."

At that instant Thorne got the long

desired signal. Without a moment's

next room, the commissary general's

office, the window was open, tell him

to-ah!" as the sound of the clicking

caught his ear, "Stop him. He is send-

"One moment, captain," he said.

stopped sending and dropped the dis-

military telegraph department?"

"What is a secret service case?"

"The whole plot to send the order.

It's the Yankee secret service. He is

a member of it and his brother brought

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Thorne, "this dispatch ought to go

out at once, sir. It came from the sec-

"Go ahead with it," said General

Thorne needed no further permis

sion than that, dropped to his seat,

"No, no!" cried Arrelaford. "Don't

"Silence, sir," thundered Randolph.

"Do you know what he is telling

"Yes," returned the secret service

"Wait a moment, Captain Thorne."

said the general, impressed in spite of

himself by this man's earnestness,

which made him disregard all orders.

Captain Thorne picked up the paper

commands and everything else.

and handed it to the general, and then

stepped back. He had played his last

card. He played it desperately, bold-

from the dispatch to the accuser,

draw Marston's division from its pres-ent position," said Arrelsford, making

a brilliant and successful guess at the

what has he been telling them?"

"Well?" asked the general, looking

"He began to give an order to with-

and once more seized the fatal key.

let him-I tell you it's a-"

them?" persisted Arrelsford.

Where is the dispatch?"

"No. do you?"

retary of war and it is very urgent."

assigned it to me, sir."

in the signal tonight."

Randolph.

agent.

ly and well.

patch, saluting.

began to manipulate the sounder.

bent over the clicking key. "His com-"He was firing on the captain, sir," pliments, sir," he read off slowly. "He asks"-waiting for a few minutes-"He was sending out a false order "for the resty"-still another pauseto weaken our lines at Cemetery Hill, "of that dispatch—he says it's of vital importance, sir, and-She saw it all," explained Arrelsford. The communication which Thorne

"Miss Varney!" exclaimed the genhad made to General Randolph was in itself of vital importance. The gen-"Yes, sir." eral was too good a soldier not to "The general's daughter?" know the danger of delay in the carry-"Yes, sir." ing out of military maneuver which "And what was she doing here?" was probably part of some general plan of attack or defense of which he "She came to see for herself whethwas not privy. He made up his mind instantly. He took the dispatch from the hand of the sergeant and turned "Is this some personal matter of it over to Thorne again.

"Let him have it," he said decisively. "He was a visitor at her house and The captain with his heart pounding like mad sat down at the table ar "Where is she now? Where is Miss seized the key. Was he going to com-Varney?" asked Randolph impatiently. plete the dispatch? Was the plan to "She must be out there on the balbe carried out. Had he triumphed in cony," answered Arrelsford. "I beg the bold and desperately played game by his splendid courage, resourceful-"Sergeant," said General Randolph, ness, and assurance? His eyes shone, the color came back into his pale "step out on the balcony. Present my cheeks as his hands trembled on the compliments to Miss Varney, and ask

"General!" oried Arrelsford, "! In a moment the sergeant returned. "There is no one there, sir," he re- you-

"That's enough, sir. We will have you examined at headquarters." At that instant Lieutenant Foray

came rapidly into the room. hesitation, he turned to the key. He "Thank God!" cried Arrelsford, as picked up the dispatch with his wounded left hand and with the other he caught sight of him. "There's a witness, he was sent away on a forged "She must be there," said Arrelsorder, ask him?" ford, "or else she's stepped into the

Another interruption, Thorne, desperately fingering the keys. If they would only give him a minute more he could complete the order, girl. but he was not to have that minute apparently. Wait, captain," said General Ran-

Mr. Arrelsford's distress was so overwhelming and so genuine that dolph quickly, and again the key was "Now, sir," he said to Lieusomething of the man's suspicion was tenant Foray, "where did you come from?" The lieutenant did not all compre-Captain Thorne, of course, had no

option but to release the key. He hend what was toward, but his answer to that question was plain. "There was some mistake, sir," he answered, saluting.

"Now, Mr. Arrelsford," said the general, "what have you to do with the "Ah!" cried Arrelsford, a note of triumph in his voice. "This is a secret service case; they "Who made it?" asked the general.

"I got an order to go to the pres! dent's house," returned Foray, "and when I got there the president-" Thorne made one last attempt to

complete his message. "Beg pardon, general, this delay will be most disastrous. Permit me to go on with this message. If there's any mistake, we can rectify it afterward. He seized the key and continued sending the message as he spoke.

"No!" cried Arrelaford. General Randolph either did not hear Thorne's speech or heed it, or else he did not care to prevent him, and he continued his questioning. "Where did you get this mistaken

order?" he asked. But Arrelsford, intensely alive to what was going on, interposed.

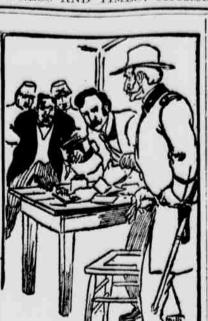
"He's at it again, sir!" "Halt, there!" said General Ran dolph. "I ordered you to wait." The dispatch was almost complete.

Thorne ground his teeth with rage in his impatience. He had tried audacity before, he would try it again. "I was sent here to attend to the business of this office and that busi ness is going out," he said resolutely.

"No," said General Randolph with

equal firmness, "it is not going out until I am ready for it." "My orders came from the war department, not from you, sin This dispatch came in half an hour ago," answered Thorne angrily, his voice rising, "they are calling for it at the oth-

er end of the line. It's my business to send it out and I am going to do it." "Stop!" said General Randolph, as Thorne began to spud the message



"Silence, Sir," Thundered Randolph.

again. "Sergeant, seize that man and keep him from that machine." Well, the last hope was gone. As

the sergeant stepped forward to execute his orders, Thorne, desperately determined to the last, clicked out a letter, but he was cut short in the middle of a word. The sergeant and two men dragged him away, chair and all, from the table, and two others posted themselves in front of the key. "I will have you court-martialed for

angrily.

with astonishment. He was morally "You will have to answer yourself," cried Thorne, playing the game to the therefore he pitied her. "for the delay of a dispatch of vital importance, sent by the secretary but a few minutes to send it over to

"Do you mean that?" cried Ranout of his own mouth. What could dolph.

"I mean just that," answered Thorne, "and I demand that you let me proceed with the business of this office. Before these officers and men he said, "take this dispatch over to I repeat that demand." "By what authority do you send that

dispatch?" "I refer you to the department, sir." "Show me your orders for taking charge of this office"

"I refer you to the department, sir." answered Thorne stubbornly. "By God, sir!" continued General

Randolph hotly. "I will refer to the department. Leave your men on guard there, sergeant. Go over to the war office. My compliments to the secretary of war, and ask him if he will be so good as to-But Arrelsford's evil genius prompt-

ed him to interpose again. When affairs were going to his liking he should have let them alone, but fate seemed to be playing into his hand, and he determined to make the most of it and the chance.

"Another witness! Miss Varney,"



"Captain Thorne Has the Highest Authority in This Office."

he cried triumphantly, as he bowed toward the window in which Edith had at that moment appeared. "She was here with me, she saw it all. Ask her."

General Randolph turned toward the window and in his turn bowed to the

"Miss Varney," he asked courteously, "do you know anything about this?"

"About what, sir?" answered Edith in a low voice.

Thorne is acting without authority in mean?" this office and that you can testify to

CHAPTER XV.

Love and Duty at the Touch. Thorne's case was now absolutely ica." hopeless. By the testimony of two Well, she had done it for weal or for witnesses a thing is established. All woe. She had made her decision. Had that Arrelsford had seen Edith had it been a wise decision? Had she pound soon stopped the coughing spells room, did not need to give his personal seen. All that he knew, she knew, ested for the coughing spells room, did not need to give his personal seen. seen. All that he knew, she knew, acted for the best? What interest She had only to speak and the plan had governed her, love for Thorne, had failed; the cleverly constructed love for her country, or love for her scheme would fall to pieces. His own peace of mind? It was in the brother's life would have been wasted, hands of General Randolph now. The nay more, his own life also; for well girl turned slowly away unable to susdid he realize that the bold way he had played the game would the more and the vindictive stare of Arrelsford. certainly hasten his immediate execution. A spy in the Confederate capi- dolph. "Umph! A major's commis-

He could reproach himself with department. Major Thorne, I congratnothing. He had done his very best, ulate you." An ordinary man would have failed a dozen times in the struggle. Courage, adroitness, resourcefulness, and good voice rising, "let me explain fortune had carried him so far, but she-" the odds were now heavily against him and nothing that he could do the general, "you have made enough would avail him anything. The game trouble as it is. I suppose you claim was played and he had lost; Arrels that this is a forgery, too-" ford had triumphed.

Thorne, in the one word that Edith Varney was to speak, would lose life, honor and that for which he had risked both. And he would lose more than that. He would lose the love of the woman who had never seemed so of the guard. "Two of you take the beautiful to him as she stood there, prisoner. Forward march!" pale-faced, erect, the very incarnation of self-sacrifice, as were all the women of the Confederacy. And he the man justice, he made a violent would lose more than her love. He struggle and was only marched out at would lose her respect. His humilation would be her humiliation. Never and orying: so long as she lived could her mind

dwell on him with tenderness. His condition was indeed pitiable; yet, to do him justice, his thoughts were not so much for himself as they were for begother things. First and

foremost bulked largest before him could be heard yelling and struggling. done to such an extent as to interfer the plan for which he had made all General Randolph paid not the slightthis sacrifice, which had promised to est attention to him. He stepped over end the weary months of slege which to the telegraph table beside which Richmond and Petersburg had sus. Thorne stood-and with all the force tained. His brother had lost his life, of which he was capable the young he more than suspected, in the en man could hardly control the trembdeavor to carry it out, and now he had ling of his knees. failed. That was a natural humiliasuccess of his endeavors.

him, she had admitted it, but once his eyes had been opened, he could have told it without any admission at all. All that he had suffered, she had suffered, and more. If she would be compelied to apologize for him, she would also be compelled to assume the defensive for him. She loved him and she was placed in the fearful position of having to deal the blow. The words which would presently fall from her lips would complete his undoing. They would blast his reputation forever and send him to his death. He knew they would not be easy words for her to speak. He knew that whatever his merit or demerit, she would never forget that it was she who had completed his ruin; the fact that she would also ruin the plan against her again, but he had scarcely pressed country would not weigh very heavily this, sir," said General Randolph in her breaking heart against that present personal consideration-after a while maybe but not at first. And

He drew himself erect to meet his fate like a man and waited. The wait having her own troubles. She knew tinued. as well as anyone the importance of her testimony. She had come from the commissary general's vacant office and had been back at the window on his arm, "you wouldn't do it- white Hiver Chair company of Brain long enough to have heard the converthe two men. She was an unusually keen-witted girl and she realized the situation to the full.

Her confidence in her lover had been shaken, undermined, restored, and shaken again, until her mind was in a perfect whirl. She did not know, she could not tell whether he was what he seemed to be or not. It seemed and it occurred to her that she had no option. But coincident with the ques- that too. tion flashed into her mind something she had forgotten which made it possible for her to answer in another way. Thus, she understood that the life of her lover hung upon her decision.

Her eyes flashed quickly from the vindictive yet triumphant fact of Arreisford, whom she loathed, to the early on that bitter morning of be ment mileage books were stolenpale, composed, set face of Thorne, trayal. "I saved you," the girl's look numbers of the books run from 14, 20 to whom she loved, and her glance fell upon his wounded left wrist, tied up. now you betray me!" She spoke no lawed. the blood oozing through the handker- words, words were useless between Kirk Jennison, aged 25, of West Townchief. A wave of sympathy and ten- them. Everything had been said shend, had his first ratiroad ride Thursderness filled her breast. He was everything had been done. She could day, when he went on the West River hurt, suffering-that decided her.

God for guidance, she turned to Gen- two at each other. eral Randolph, and it was well that The woman turned, she could trust she spoke when she did, for the pause herself no further. She went blindly passenger train from White River Jun-had become insupportable to Thorne toward the door. The man followed tion to Everts, blew out a fine Friday had become insupportable to Thorne toward the door. The man followed at least. He had made up his mind her slowly, crushing the commission to relieve the dilemma and confess his in his hand, and ever as he went he and mass were blow guilt so that the girl would not have heard the sound of the call behind ing the fireman's clothes from his body. to reproach herself with a betrayal of him. He stopped halfway between the her lover or her cause, that she might door and the table and watched her but feel that she had been found want- so, and then he turned.

Erastus and Sir Tonddens Fulsbanks, wa not feel that she had been found want- go, and then he turned. ing at the critical moment. Indeed, Thorne would have done this before nothing of what had transpired, but playes of the fact of it can accommo but his duty as a soldier enjoined up hearing the call, had taken Thorne's date 75. on him the propriety, the imperative place before the table. He had the necessity, of playing the game to the dispatch about which there had been very end. The battle was not yet over.

It would never be over until he faced the first party.

The first party.

The first party. the firing party

And then Edith's voice broke the emotion.

"Mr. Arrelsford is mistaken, General Randolph," she said quietly, "Captain Thorne has the highest authority in this office."

Arrelsford started violently and opened his mouth to speak, but General Randolph silenced him with a look. The blood of the old general was patch. up, and it had become impossible for anyone to presume in the least degree. one he tore the dispatch into frag. Wishes to Resume Usual Course of Thorne started, too. The blood rushed ments. "Revoke the order. Tell them to his heart. He thought he would "Mr. Arreisford claims that Captain choke to death. What did the girl act under this commission!"

"The highest authority, sir," conthat effect," was the general's answer, tinued Edith Varney, slowly drawing out the commission, which every one but she had forgotten in the excite-

tain the burning glances of her lover "What's this?" said General Ransion. In command of the telegraph

"That commission, General Randolph!" exclaimed Arrelsford, his

"That will do from you, sir," said "Let me tell you, sir," persisted the

secret service agent. "You have told me enough as it is. Sergeant, take him over to headquarters." "Fall in there!" cried the sergeant

Two men seized Arrelsford, and the rest of them closed about him. To do the point of the bayonet, protesting

"For God's sake, he's in the Yankee secret service! He'll send that dispatch out. His brother brought in the signal tonight!" All the way down the corridor he

"Major Thorne," he said reprovingly tion and reproach to his pride, al. as Thorne saluted him, "all this delay though as his mind went back over has been your own fault. If you had the scene he could detect no false only had sense enough to mention this move on his part. Of course his al. before we would have been saved a them you will always bear in mind th lowing his love for Edith Varney to damned lot of trouble. There's your to be a true athlete means to be man get the mastery of him had been commission, sir." He handed it to wrong under the circumstances, but Thorne, who saluted him again as one that had not affected the failure or in a dream. "Come, gentlemen," he said to his officers, "I can't understand why they have to be so cursed And his thoughts also were for the woman. He knew that she loved shy about their secret service orders! Lieutenant Foray?"

"Yes, sir." "Take your orders from Major Thorne."

"Yes, sir," returned Foray. "Good night," said the general, for getful of the fact apparently that Edith Varney was still standing by the window.

"Good night, sir," answered Thorne. Foray moved over to the table at the right, while Thorne leaped to his former position, and his hand sought latter class. the key. At last he could send his message, there was nothing to prevent him or interrupt him now, he was in command. Could he get it through? For a moment he forgot everything but that, as he clicked out the call the button when Edith Varney stepped to his side.

"Captain Thorne," she said in a low voice, giving him the old title. He looked up at her, stopping a moment.

"What I have done gives you time was a long one. Edith Varney was to escape from Richmond," she con-

"Escape!" whispered Thorne, clicking the key again. "Impossible!" "Oh," said the girl, laying her hand

And again the man's fingers mained polsed over the key as he be was operating. stared at her.

"I gave it to you to-to save your \$20,000 will be needed to put the sower sy life. I didn't think you'd use it for tem of Bellows Falls into satisfactor anything else. Oh! You wouldn't!" condition. A large part of the presen before, what could be said of it now! rathroad for January were \$22.52.62 and like treachery to him, this uncertain- been confident of his guilt, and she ty. It would be a simple matter to had sought to save his life because corroborate Mr. Arrelsford at once, she loved him, and now because she loved her country she sought to save

The call sounded from the table listened. It was the call for the messideense. March 4. The vote was 45 to sage. Then he turned to the woman and 55 no instead of 145 yes and 65 no instead of 14 She looked at him; just one look. The when he saw him in the courtyard an into Friday night and 40 Central Ve seemed to say, "I redeemed you and 140,335, inclusive. The books are outonly go. Never woman looked at man railroad to Brattleboro in connection With one brief, voiceless prayer to nor man looked at woman as these with a lawsuit. It was also his first visit

Lieutenant Foray understanding

silence that had become so tense with sir," he said as Thorne stared at him same charge in agony. "What shall I do with it?" "Send it," said the other hoarsely.

"Very good, sir," answered Foray. the key, but the first click of the ters pertaining to the college were di sounder awakened Thorne to action.

"No, no!" he cried. "Stop!" He rushed forward and seized the dis-"I won't do it!" he thundered With his wounded hand and his well it was a mistake fustantly. I refuse to

CTO BE CONTINUED.)

A COLD, LA GRIPPE, THEN PNEU-MONIA is too often the fatal sequence. The Pope himself said he felt me ment, "the authority of the president of the Confederates States of America."

La Grippe coughs hang on, weaken the would allow him to resume at an early of the Confederates States of America."

La Grippe coughs hang on, weaken the would allow him to resume at an early confederate system, and lower the vital resistance. It. G. Collins, Postmaster, Barnegat, N. rending physicians, however, first that J., says: "I was troubled with a severe he continue to rest.

What It Means of Happiness and Success-Being a True Athlete.

(From March St. Nicholas.)

No wiser thing can be done by you to which the Pope has been a frequent suf-insure your happiness and success in life ferer, but that he is affilicted at the than to take an active interest in ath-lette events as well as in your general affection, semewhat diffuse, but without physical development. Brains and physical development. Brains and schol-arship are most important, but unless ac-companied by health and a strong body, they do not produce the results which Power indiposition, which might pass they should. Lafe under modern condi- unnoticed except for the advanced age tions is a hard struggle, and to succeed of the Fontiff. in it requires not only education and in- The Pope himself is more anxious telligence, but the ability to work strens coming the health of Cardinal Respight, uously. The only way to obtain the phys the vicar-general, who is scriously ill with steat ability which will enable you to do influenza and about whom the Pope free this continuously, as you will have to quently inquiresdo, is by developing your body and securing a good healthy constitution while

you are young. The mere daily enjoyment of life which one receives who is healthy and strong, as compared with those who are frequently ill and whose lives are seldom free from pain, is indescribable. In addition, athletic exercises develop beyond any other known method those qualities ness of perception, perseverance against Church St. (Adv.) obstacles, and force of character which constitute true manhood and are indispensable to success.

As in everything else, interest in athletics may be carried too far. It is a great help, but is not to be made an aim in life. While it should be followed, and followed strenuously, this should not be

with the work of your school, or what ever occupation you may hereafter re general development than to specially exclusively. It is a mistake for the who are strong in their arms and wea in their legs to cultivate the arm an the neglect of these other muscles which require to be strengthened.

But whatever branches of athletic you may take up, I trust that in all a rules; to despise everything that is me member that an umpire has a very diffi-cult task to perform, and can only do hi-best. If he should make a mistake, i is almost always caused by the imbillt of a speciator to see everything with athletic events are won by these we make the best records, and not by the who are constantly unding facilt with the officials. Try to keep yourself out of the

VERMONT NOTES.

scriptions for the free library Under the will of Mrs. Josephine H. Arms the First Congregational Clurch Bellows Falls has received a bornest

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Litt Brattleboro celebrated Thursday too bors gave them a surprise party.

John A. Plaisted of Barre the other d picked up a small disc awarded a MII It might easily be mistaken for a currency.

torn out by a stick that flow from a It is expected that an appropriation

agonizing. If her face had been white | The operating revenues of the Ruthan In a flash Thorne saw all. She had the expenses \$22,200.01. The net opera ing revenue was \$30,870.2, while the oper

ating income was \$15,973.51.

Phillip Ryan has brought suit and county court against Joseph Claims to recover \$1.000 for alleged negitient Ryan's carriage was run down last N Thorne turned to it, bent over it, and Readsboro did not vote in favor of vember by the defendant's automobile reported. This change belows the qui kind of a look that Christ might have her of heense towns and cities down to E turned upon Peter after those denials The Richford turboad station was broken

to Brattlebore.

A Central Vermont engine, hauling a badly injuring the Greman.

The building in Pairbanks village at opened as an on Toursday night. I will be used as a home for many em-

Cecil Rose, 13, and Cuy Burt, 21, have around town Pergyal Bounett and Fran "They are calling for that dispatch Therriault were accested later on to

Alumnas and women triends of Middlebury College to the number of II neld a informal reception and function at Gal scating himself and taking hold of son hall at Boston Saturday noon. Mar cussed and plans made for another gathering next Mass

POPE IS MUCH BETTER.

Life but Physicians Forbid.

was noted to-day in the condition of Plus X, both the inflammation ably diminished

entirely. It can't be beat." J. W. O'Sullivan, 24 Chuch St. (Adv.)

A WORD ON ATHLETICS.

services to the patient until this morns
ing. The Pope then received the supul
secretary of state, Cardinal Micro Del
Val. and afterwards his sisters and afters,
who remained with him for more than

half an nour Dr. Marchiatava in describing to dition of The Holtness to-day, said that there were no symptoms of goat, from

MANY A SUPPERING WOMAN

drags herself painfully through her dally

tasks suffering from backache, headache, nervousness and loss of sleep, not knowing her ills are due to kidner and bladder troubles. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief from pain and misery, a prompt return to health and strength. No woman who suffers can afford to overlook of courage, promptness of action, keen- Foley Kidney Pills. J. W. O'Sullivan, 24

San Francisco, March 6 .- George W. Stewart, for 10 years a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, has been appointed musical director for the Panamu-Pacific exposition. Stewart was director of music at the St. Louis expost-